



Could it be Lemon?

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Could it be Lemon? by girlyboikasp

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Drugs, Fluff, M/M, More tags to be added, Pining, Smoking, but it's pretty vague bc i just call them pretty and dirty, cursing, etc - Freeform, just these two so far, kissin, minor stike but i love them so?????, pastel and punk au, they are both just super dumb, they are highschool aged at this point, tw i suppose

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-12

Updated: 2017-10-26

Packaged: 2020-01-29 14:07:11

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 3

Words: 7,914

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Just another vague pastel Eddie and punk Richie fic; I love when boys are hopelessly in love and don't know what to do about it.

1. morning

Richie thought about Eddie a bit too much in class- so much so, that he was beginning to worry himself. Once he started fantasizing about dark brown eyes, bruised shins, pink shirts, scabbed yet clean, covered elbows- he knew he was going to be in for an unproductive class. But god, what did Mendel even do for the world that could compare to the effect that Eddie had on Richie's life? Biology had no priority over the pretty boy Richie held so fondly in his heart.

Yes, the pretty boy, who wore sometimes overalls, and sometimes short baby blue shorts. Who had eyelashes that would knock brick houses down in less than a second, and had lips that shined with what Richie could only assume were the balms of pure bliss (probably lip smackers- lemon, if he had to guess; but he wanted to know). A pretty boy who looked very, very different to the dirty boy that Richie knew he was.

Richie didn't wear the powdered blues and bubblegum pinks that Eddie would flounce around in. He wore gray, red, and black instead- as cut off shorts and ripped jeans, bruises always peeking through the holes of the knees. Instead of the soft brown waves that Eddie had, Richie had thick ringlets in his almost black hair that were all tangled together; like girthy, inky roots of old and dying trees. His shoes were not held together by velcro, nor were they regularly cleaned by a boy a bit too high maintenance for his own good. Richie's laugh was not as bright, his hands were not as soft, his skin was not as warm-

But just because they were so different didn't stop Richie from so desperately going after Eddie, and all he had to offer.

After the class bell blared, and he wiped at the warmth in his cheeks, he found himself on a mission. He usually didn't cross paths with Eddie after this class had ended, but he had fawned particularly hard over the boy this go around and he needed to actually feel him. He needed to press his chapped lips against a freckled cheek and ruffle the hairs that danced around his ears. Ears that would sometimes have pencils shoved behind them, ears that burned bright red when he was frustrated and also when he was cold. Ears that would listen to Richie's joke, a nose that would crinkle in disgust and

amusement, lips that would purse and spout- a full Eddie that would give him attention and drag him down into another pit of what seemed like unrequited hell.

But in actuality he was an Eddie who loved him just as much as Richie loved, but wasn't sure how to say it. Especially as he watched the now jogging gangly boy trying to endearingly catch up to him before his next class.

His words, Eddies, always seemed to get stuck in his windpipe. But he couldn't help it all that much. The same way that Richie thought of Eddie, Eddie dreamily thought of the dirty boy himself.

The dirty boy, yeah. The one with boots that came halfway up his scarred and cigarette burned calves. With a smile so big and beautiful that it could replace the face on the moon. With glasses thick enough to amplify the sparkle and crinkle and small twinkle in his eyes, which Eddie would find himself getting lost in without much of a reason to. The dirty boy who smelled like bad cologne and arcades and menthols- the boy who somehow always managed to take Eddie's breath away (if only for a moment).

Richie managed to get to Eddie from across the hall, his long- long, long, long- arm wrapping around the smaller set of shoulders on the duo, pale fingers squeezing into Eddie's bicep. The long awaited peck Richie was previously drooling over was given, but instead of the cheek he just barely reached for Eddie's temple- planting a sloppy one right on the smoothed surface of his forehead. His nose brushed against the hair that framed the pretty boy's forehead and he took a discreet sniff, to remember for later.

Strawberry. It was always strawberry, and it was so, distinctly Eddie at this point. He still wanted to get to know what he assumed was lemon, but Richie would always take what he could get with Eddie. And Eddie would do the same.

Every touch that Richie gave felt like it burned- but Eddie loved it. It burned like the pleasant rays of the sun and lingered like freckles or a nasty sunburn. He loved when he could feel the slight spasm of Richie's arm or hand against his back. Like a rabbit jumped over Richie's grave, just to help remind Eddie that the boy was still there.

Or, especially, when he could feel the light exhale of breath just after his soft yet sparse face kisses. This time around there was no exhale, but there was a warm patch that seemed to spread across Eddie's face. It felt like a gift, but he wasn't sure for what, or if he particularly deserved it.

A present it was, for sure, but a curse it felt like it could be as well. He couldn't react as he wanted- as he needed to, by melting into Richie's side and looking up into brown eyes much more inky than his own. Especially in the hall, in public, Eddie immediately knew he had to act disgusted. His nose did the crinkle that Richie loved so, so much, and his hands went up to Richie's chin, to pinch and push him away. There was a light popping sound when the wet kiss had been detached that the pretty boy felt in his quick beating heart.

"Wow, gross. Did you really haul your flat ass here to give me some other girls mono? I am touched-" he looked at the hand that still was tightly wrapped around his arm, "in more ways than one- but I think I already got it from your sister, so there's no point in trying to infect me now." Eddie scoffed, releasing the grip he had on Richie's chin- but not before giving it a squeeze. A squeeze that made Richie's chin sore but his breath flutter.

"The special lady I got it from was your mother, so hell Eddiebear, you probably infected your mom yourself! I see the way you kiss her on the cheek, you oedipal complex motherfu-"

"Hey, hey Richie?" Eddie's voice interrupted him before he could finish speaking. his tone was softer than what he had expected to come out of the pretty boy's mouth- it almost shocked him, making him go quiet. Richie's grip on eddie's arm loosened and slid down to be closer to the crevice of his elbow, taking his time to look down at Eddie. He witnessed Eddie's lip twitch, his brows becoming furrowed- and Richie just knew he had to take him seriously, if only for a second.

"Yeah, Eddie, what's up?"

"I just wanted to make a suggestion to you," he let out a soft exhale before reaching to the hand that was still cradling his arm. He began to slowly pry the fingers off one by one, before pinching Richie's

pinkie in between two sharp nails, “learn how to shut the fuck up-beep beep, if you will. My mom doesn't have mono, especially not from me, you sick fuck. Now go to class, because the fact that you're here and not halfway across the building by now is tragic in regards to your dwindling focus on your education.”

Richie clenched his teeth at the pinch before yanking his hand away, giving it a shake. He grimaced, making that beautiful, expressive face all the more froggy, before cracking a smile and letting out a small laugh that came from deep within in his chest.

“Wow, kinky, Kaspbrak! And yet so caring. Maybe next time we get this rough, I can give you a safe word. And maybe next time, I'll let you graze my voluptuous tits instead.”

Eddie rolled his eyes, rolled them hard, before giving Richie a push to the direction of his class. Just in the middle of his back is where his hand had rested for just a second too long, and he was able to feel the curves in Richie's spine beneath his layered shirts. He wanted to follow the curve up, follow the curve down- down, down, down?- but he yanked his hand away so that he could properly dismiss the other before they were both going to be horribly late to class.

“In your dreams, Tozier. How about you start actually washing your shirts after you wear them five times, and then we'll talk about your tits. Now, shoo.”

And with that, they went, both heads swimming and skin warmed by the others obvious yet unnoticed affections.

Notes for the Chapter:

thnaks y'all i don't write unless it's shitty poetry so i'm giving it a Whirl. lmk if you're interested in another chapter bc fuck if i know what to do at this point. uhhh let me know if there is a problem so i can try and fix it immediately.

2. lunch

Summary for the Chapter:

I am just tired of looking at this so I'm just going to go ahead and post it anyway, but I'll be damned if Richie is ever tired of looking at Eddie.

It almost seemed hopeless, Richie would countlessly think to himself, to try and lasso Eddie in. As if he would give in to Richie's constant affections- as if Eddie was actually gay, or liked anyone or anything at all for that matter. Could it really be so fruitless? He hoped not, but it nagged at him- it made him tug at his own curls as the thought constantly tickled intrusively in the corners of his mind.

Self-doubt continued to stew throughout him during the day, and with it he began to assume. He assumed that Eddie's cheeks, where the rays had given soft kisses and left small love marks, only really turned red from frustration whenever Richie was around. He assumed that the longing and lasting looks, from eyes that reminded him of the big and glossy pebbles they would skip across the quarry, were only in response to every rotten thing that Richie had ever done, suddenly playing back in the pretty boy's mind with scorn. He assumed that Eddie didn't love him, never could, that he never would. But he also knows what assuming does, and he's been an ass since the dawn of time; for nearly too long.

Richie decided class was pointless a long time ago, but it felt like it was especially today. Richie knew that he wasn't going to be listening to the droning that fuzzily overtook the silence that would otherwise be filling the room (unless the students left a quiet roar). There were better things to mull over, easier things to imagine and picture in his mind beyond the graphs that his teacher would have displayed against a chalkboard later anyway. He began to dream of what he assumed would be a sweet, bitter, smooth kiss. A kiss he thinks hasn't even come close to, yet a kiss he's come closer to than he knows. His hands seemed to linger to his lips throughout the day, squeezed and puckered between his fingers occasionally. And like the flick of a lighter, a warming, pleasant thought suddenly breeched into his mind, crawling in his stomach; and he briefly wondered if Eddie

would be a biter. Eddie had a quick wit, and a fight response just as or more potent than his flight. He was almost sure Eddie was a biter now, and it was such a heavenly thought to hold on to.

It wasn't until lunch, which he arrived late to, that his head reached back to rest at his shoulders from their journey in space- only just so he could look at the beautiful boy to his left, that being Eddie Kaspbrak himself. It was the third time he had saw him today, but damn, if it isn't three times a charm to help one learn how desperately in love they actually were.

Richie wasn't eating anything today- he dined on a pleasant dish of two cigarettes from earlier and the inside skin of his cheek. Eddie however was eating celery, and even offered Richie some (as he noticed Richie wasn't eating, he always noticed), but he declined. Richie claimed he didn't like the stringiness of it, and would occasionally take a jab and say an 'I told you so!' anytime he saw Eddie frustratingly trying to pick at his teeth- teeth that Richie had pictured earlier eagerly gnawing at his lips, instead of the bastardly stalks.

Richie noticed Eddie would wipe his hands between each piece, oddly rolling the napkin in between his fingertips. Delicately, Richie found the action to be synonymous with the word, although he wouldn't admit to it- he knew the pretty boy thought of the word with some aversion. But he also found it to be an endearing ritual, that he had never really commented on.

"So, Eds, are you planning on rubbing my blossoming boobies like that later? If so, we are gonna have a problem, you know how I like it rough. I'm sure you've heard your mom and I- my screams were ones of pleasure, I assure you, Eddie my love!" he winked, before leaning across the table towards Stan and nudging him with his elbow, "'Cause mamma Sonia really knows how to whip it, doesn't she boys?"

Whoops, make it never minus today. He of course made it a joke, but the thought of Eddie's hands on his bare skin made his boot clad feet turn inward. The thought of the pretty boy in his pastel tops and half calf socks, butterfly clips holding his bangs back, sitting on Richie's lap and fiddling with the skin of his chest- it made stomach clench.

Eddie's clear coated nails making angry marks down the dirty boy's side, his balmy lips leaving smears along Richie's jaw- his breath stuttered on an exhale as he dug his dirty nails into his palm, inwardly cursing his overactive imagination, especially in front of his friends. He felt as if he had broken out into a sweat; he hoped he didn't look it.

Eddie made a disgusted face as he open mouth chewed on his celery, setting his napkin back down onto his lap. Richie glanced down at it after it had fallen; it landed against lightly tanned thighs, Eddie's shorts riding halfway up in a way that made the dirty boys palms even more sweaty. Richie dreamily thought about tracing the flat moles that decorated Eddie frequently, especially the ones littered on his thighs, but he turned his attention back to eddies mouth the moment he began to speak again.

"-like Jesus Christ, Richie, I'm eating. In fact, everyone here except you is eating. No one wants that image invading their thoughts, especially ME. Try being a little bit more considerate the next time you try being a complete trashmouth." Eddie swallowed the bit of celery he had in his mouth before sealing the sandwich bag that held them. He glanced at his watch, and then at the door, biting his lip before turning his attention back to the group. Richie noticed, glancing to the door himself with a small movement, but he was interrupted by Stan before he could say anything about it.

"Honestly, Richie, shut up. No one wants to think of your nonexistent ass getting flogged by a middle-aged woman, especially in a place as holy as the Kaspbrak residence." Stan bit back at Richie, and Eddie gestured to Stan with his hand holding the bag, haphazardly slinging it around. He looked as though he was briefly considering smacking Richie with what was left of his vegetables, but decided against it.

"See, look, at least two people at this table are done with the garbage pouring from behind your goofy ass grin. Here," Eddie took the napkin from his lap and pushed it into Richie's hand, patting the arm that trailed up from it, "use this to wipe the bullshit that is somehow constantly spewing from your mouth. You're going to need it if you plan on saying literally anything else today."

With that he grabbed his backpack off the floor and shoved the rest

of his celery in there, straightening out the collar of his t-shirt before waving off at Bill and Stan. For Richie, he gave him a small pat on a leathered shoulder, his fingers brushing against the tangled curls.

"Bye, losers, like I said earlier I have an appointment today. Tell the kid who, most likely, decisively coughs in my direction in sixth not to miss me too hard. I know I won't be the one crying about it later." His hand was so warm, even through Richie's layers-

And then he squeezed. He squeezed Richie's shoulder and it made him feel so grounded, yet it was also dizzying. He didn't say a farewell in response, instead Richie started to move his hand up to cover the pretty boys; but it was gone before he could reach it. He just settled on pulling out his lighter from his breast pocket, since it looked like he was going for it anyway, before shoving it back in awkwardly.

He hardly noticed Bill starting to talk to him.

"-abandoned lot duh-downtown. You i-interested?"

Richie snapped back down to Earth and rubbed at his eyes from behind his glasses, looking to Stan for a bit more clarification as he began to speak, following along with Bill.

"Not too keen on the idea myself, but I know Mike will be there. I think he found a way to get fireworks here, into Maine." Stan paused, before leaning forward a bit from the cafeteria bench, "Ben is going to bring bud, if that compels you even more to join. Although I will forever prefer you didn't, it would be dickish of us to offer any less."

"I've always been interested in checking that place out, but now the deal is sealed and it couldn't be any sweeter. Fireworks? Bud with buds? Y'all really know how to make a sweet girl like me cry." Richie fake sniffled before pursing his lips, "Did you invite Eddie?" he squeezed the napkin in his hands, mimicking the way the other had rolled his fingertips before, this time under the table.

"Y-Yeah, of course we did. duh-didn't you hear him? He- he's going to an appointment, s-so he'll probably drop buh-by later if he can escape the i-iron curtain that is his muh-mother. What, was your

mind t-t-too focused on the pulsing of your baby dick every t-time he 'caressed' you that you couldn't bring yourself to lis-listen to him?" Bill teased, before continuing, "Just j-joking- but we did talk about it buh-before you got here and he d-did say he would try."

"Hilarious as always, Denbrough- but I'm glad to know you kept the spaghetti boy in your hearts." He quickly shoved the napkin from Eddie into his left pocket before giving Bill a wink and running a now free hand smoothly down his own chest, "Also, baby dick who? Y'all know I'm packing a meter-long King Kong dong, don't play yourselves!" The bell rang just as Richie had finished his sentence, and they all collectively stood, hovering around the table to wrap up their conversation.

"Pfft, shut up, Richie. So, we will see you tonight?" Stan asked while straightening out his backpack, situating it on his shoulders.

"You bet your kosher ass you'll be seeing me tonight, Stanley!" and he dreamily hoped that he would be seeing Eddie tonight as well. He was already picturing his face lighting up from the fireworks, looking up from the ground- whether he be laying down, sitting, on his knees; he would look perfect, and if there was even a chance Eddie would be there, Richie wouldn't miss it for the world.

Notes for the Chapter:

idk if y'all are interested in hitting up my tumblr but it's wheezyboykaspbrak. i draw and reblog thngs and i need IT fandom friendszssz. there will probably be one more chapter. again lmk if there are any mistakes so i that i can quickly change any and everything i need to.

3. night

Summary for the Chapter:

They find the 'spark'- get it?

Notes for the Chapter:

i can't look at this anymore y'all this chapter is like 10 pages of bullshit which is Longer than Anything i've written in like 2 years srry if it sux. i almost mentioned a medicine that dates the fic in 93'-94'

Eddie spent the next few hours in the pediatrician's office, fiddling with the sparse napkin used to cover the patient bench. He never understood why it took two hours to do an asthma appointment, but he feels like it would be more bearable if he had better company. He glanced at his mother in the chair across the room, beginning to doze off, and he briefly pictured the one and only dirty boy there, taking her spot. He loves his mother, he really does, but when it comes to being trapped in a room with someone, while he hated to admit it, Richie was far better company than Sonia or none at all.

He rolled his peak flow meter around in his hands, shaking it to hear it rattle, before there was a knock on the door. His mom stirred, but didn't wake, and the doctor walked in. Her smile was sweet, and her eyes crinkled the same way Richie's did- all while also hiding behind thick frames. She wrote down a prescription for Eddie to get refills, and briefly mentioned a new medicine called Salmeterol. It was approved by the FDA this year, apparently, and would eventually replace the need for a rescue inhaler. Eddie bit his lip and glanced at his sleeping mother before back at the pediatrician, shaking his head no and giving her his own small smile. He didn't want another medicine under his belt- or rather, shoved in his fanny pack, because he knew it was all fake anyway. What's the point in feeding more lies?

He already knew that he didn't really need his inhaler, but he had grown so dependent on it. The thought of getting a new one and his somewhat of a placebo addiction getting worse scared him. He

grabbed his one and only prescription slip before going to the chair his mother was in and briefly giving her a small shake. She woke up, with a start, before smiling at the prescription that was in Eddie's hand and beginning to stand.

The ride to the pharmacy was quiet, but the ride back to the house was when Eddie tried to bring up a question he'd been meaning to ask in the office; albeit nervously.

"Mommy," he started, fiddling with the hem of his shorts, "is it okay if I go out with my friends tonight? We were going to go to Ben's house, to study old maps together." it wasn't the best scenario, but he tried to make it sound at least a bit different from his other lies-before his mother could catch on to the repetition.

Her hands on the steering wheel tightened, and she looked over to briefly glance at Eddie up and down, before bringing her eyes back to the road. "Alright, but!" Eddie looked down at his thighs, waiting for the conditions, simultaneously happy and filled with apprehension, "I don't want you out too late, young man. If you're out past 11 o'clock, you're going to be in trouble and make mommy real mad. understood?"

Eddie gave a curt nod, releasing his shorts. It seemed his mother wasn't satisfied with his response.

"Am I understood?" she repeated, raising her voice a bit.

"Sorry, yes, mommy- ma'am." Eddie said, clearly, raising his head to look at his mother's profile.

At least he had her approval- that was a step in the right direction. Although he wished he didn't have to ask for it, for the simplest of things, he also wished that he didn't have to lie to her in order to obtain it.

When he arrived home, he did his best to get ready. He didn't change much of his outfit, but he did manage to switch his socks, from half calf to knee highs, for the chillier night they were expecting in Derry. He then set his watch for 10:30pm and shoved his medicines into his bright, yellow fanny pack, later reaching in between his mattress to

pull out his spare lighter. Almost everyone in the loser's club had a lighter, but he would be damned if this was the one day everyone somehow forgot theirs-

Richie though, he knew would never forget his. Eddie tried not lie to himself too much anymore, but it was still hard to admit that he actually loved when Richie smoked around him. He found the smell welcoming on Richie's clothes, in his hair. It followed him, and while he wished Richie would stop, he knew that it was a beloved part of the dirty boy's familiarity. Eddie found it cute when Richie would have cigarettes shoved behind his ears in place of the pencils that Eddie would usually have. He wanted to touch the cigarette burns on his legs, kiss his thumbs every time he managed to touch the hot metal of the lighter- and sometimes he wanted to grab the cigarette from Richie's lips and stomp it out, just so Eddie could replace it with his own lips if only for a brief moment.

He shoved his lighter in his pockets before checking his watch. It was 5:00pm, and the sun was beginning to noticeably set. He walked down his steps quietly before walking over to his mother in the kitchen and giving her a brief kiss on the cheek, waving her off after grabbing his beige sweater hanging from the hat tree and walking to the porch. Once he was out, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, reaching for the front pocket of his fanny pack to reapply his chapstick- a rundown tube of lip smackers, with a faded label and bite marks on the cap from the use.

Instead of walking he decided to bike, finding his bicycle nestled against the side of his house. He grabbed it by the handlebars and yanked it out, before beginning to peddle to where he was told the abandoned lot was.

On his way there, he began to think. He thought about the times that Richie and him would share bikes and bike rides, Eddie usually being the one to squeeze himself onto Richie's bike seat with Richie barely on the tip (no matter how dangerous it was). It's been awhile since the last time, but he remembers the moments fondly. They had only fallen off a few times out of what must've been hundreds of rides, but the scabbed knees and crushed medicine bottles were sometimes worth it when it meant being so close to someone you trusted so dearly.

He arrived at the lot in about ten minutes, and the only other person there so far was Mike. He had a box in the basket of his bike, replacing the meats that were usually shoved in there, but it looked clunky and as if it would fall to the ground any minute. He waved at Eddie when he pulled up, and Eddie grinned before getting off his bike and waving back. He went over to Mike and started to mock tap the box, standing off to its side to speak.

"Wow Mike, where the hell did you get these?" he already knew the box contained the fireworks, even in its nondescript packaging.

"New Hampshire! My old man and I went down there to check up on buying a few bales of hay for real cheap, and we stumbled across a tent with tables just stacked with these things on the way back! Let's hope they work, right?" Mike laughed, warmly, taking the box out of the basket and setting it down on the ground, crossing his legs as he sat on the ground behind it. The setting sun framed him beautifully, as he began to fiddle through the now open box of fireworks with mild interest. For being one of the strongest of the group, he seemed to handle things with such a delicacy and grace- comparable to if not even more so than Eddie's own mannerisms (especially more so, when it came to grace).

Eddie was slightly nervous about the fireworks, but he pushed the small anxieties down in favor of a good time (but not before groping the front of his fanny pack, as habit). He kneeled and sat beside Mike, as they continued to talk about how clear the night was, perfect for seeing every little spark. Eddie himself even picked up a few of the pieces, grinning to Mike and holding one of the bigger rockets to the other boys forearm to compare the length. Mike did the same, but he would pick up something small- like a smoke bomb- and then hold it up to Eddie's head, them laughing together between small shoves. Eventually, they had stopped talking and messing around when they heard more bicycles coming up behind them, turning their heads back to look and see who was approaching.

At first they just saw Ben and Bill, but then they saw Stan and Richie trailing behind them. Mike and Eddie both waved to the four of them, yelling out their greetings before getting up. Eddie dusted off his knees, while Mike dusted off the backs of his jeans, leaving the box and its contents on the dirt.

All the losers, once they had reached the two boys, glanced at the slightly opened box on the ground with lit up eyes, a whistle and a hand clap coming out of Richie. But, before Mike could turn back around to start rummaging and grabbing a rocket to start the lightshow, Bill raised a hand and gestured to Ben, who had a messenger bag slung over his shoulders and was fiddling with the flaps of the front pocket (supposedly with the stash).

"We are all excited for the fuh-fireworks, but it's probably best if we light something else up, fir-first." he grinned, and everyone collectively nodded. It was around 6:00pm at this point, and dark enough for them to get huddled around in a corner and start to roll.

Ben knew how to roll the best, but Richie always insisted that he try. Eddie and Stan would always roll their eyes at him when he attempted to 'pearl' it, only to have something ragged and uneven looking come out. Usually someone (Ben) would be getting the second ready right then, instead of later, and Richie would scoff jokingly and cross his arms across his chest with a grin. He would mumble, something along the lines of 'a blunts a blunt, right?', before shoving it into the hands of someone else. He usually gave it to Stan first, but this time he lit it himself, taking a few short puffs and exhaling up while the others talked to their friends beside them. The way Richie pursed his lips and tilted his head with so much fluidity made Eddie's face warm, and the smile that he was given when the blunt was passed to him seemed to only make it worse.

He took a small inhale, and then another, holding it in and burning the back of his throat. Eddie coughed while his eyes watered, before passing the blunt to Mike with a sniffle. Richie laughed and rubbed near Eddie's shoulder blade, and Eddie suddenly remembered how close they were, his sock clad knees bumping with the others beside him. He wiped at one of his own eyes and looked over at Richie, grimacing at him and doing a small shrug of his shoulder at an attempt to shake off the hand (but it was noncommittal).

"I hope none of you guys are sick, because god knows I don't want to catch whatever's crawling in your loser mouths." Eddie said, and Mike laughed and coughed simultaneously beside him, passing to Stan. If Richie were to pry his eyes off of Eddie, he would've seen Mike and Stan brush hands- with both of their faces tinting red. But

Richie was a bit too preoccupied at this point, looking at those glossy pebble eyes again that stared at him, expecting for the quip back.

"Trust me, Eddie bear, there's probably something way worse crawling in that mouth of yours than any of ours." Richie mumbled, moving his hand down Eddie's back. He tickled against the pretty boy's spine through his shirt, tracing it before moving to the divots of his ribs. His sweater was moderately thick, but he could still feel it like bumps in a road.

"And what are you implying, fuckwad?"

"The only person I'm implying with is your mom- surprise surprise, I'm just a lil devil in bed."

"Wow, gross. I already knew you lived without basic human decency, but I didn't think you would admit to being a demon. Regardless of your honesty, I still think you should shut that loser trap of yours."

Eventually the blunt made its way back to Richie, and he took a couple puffs again, but this time he exhaled onto Eddie's face. He laughed at the way the pretty boy's face scrunched up and he batted the stale smoke away, thick eyelashes fluttering to prevent drying eyes.

"Rude." Eddie mumbled, as he took the blunt away from Richie, only getting one hit in before passing it to Mike once again. It was beginning to reach their fingertips at this point, and Eddie was beginning to feel a bit lightheaded. He ended up leaning against Mike for a moment, with no protest from the other, before being tugged over to fall against Richie.

Eddie didn't react too much, but Richie's leg was visibly shaking from his own boldness. His hand was now resting on the crook of Eddie's elbow instead of his back, where he was giving gentle squeezes. He was sure Mike didn't mind having Eddie ripped off of him, he seemed too infatuated with the way Stan gently held what remained of the blunt between two finger tips, but Richie felt all too jealous in the moment and brash in the afterthought. That's just something he would have to work on, himself.

Richie continued to rub his arm, sometimes going all the way down to his wrist, just feeling his skin and his warmth with the contrast of the brisk Derry air. When his hand was on his wrist he would sometimes slide the beige sweater wrapped around him up, feeling along the veins in his arm and the slow- yet oddly, sometimes stuttering- beating of the smaller boy's heart. He wanted to feel the pulse on his lips, when he would kiss from his knuckles and up. Richie just wanted to be so goddamn tender with the boy, feel the way the skin covering his ribs would shift as he calmly breathed when he would hold him. He wanted to bury his nose and kiss his seemingly always fruity smelling scalp, with his hands holding his soft jaw. He just wanted to love him, and he felt it especially with the Eddie that he saw now, so calm and yet looking so frazzled, eyes red and usually perfectly parted hair curling up and reaching towards the stars.

It seems the second blunt was lit while he was musing over the boy, and it had managed to make its way back to Richie again. He almost didn't notice, too preoccupied in the oddly dazed boy wrapped under his arm, but he gladly took a toke before bringing the blunt to Eddie's lips. He almost rejected, doing a small shake of his head, before shrugging and mumbling a 'fuck it', leaning forward and lightly wrapping his lips near where Richie's fingers rested. Richie felt the faint brush of lips before Eddie pulled away, coughing on another exhale and slinking forward. It lasted for one more rotation before Mike started to stand, slumping over to the box with a small smile.

"Alright, you guys," he nearly yelled, bringing his hands together in a loud clap, "I think it's a good a time as any. Let's get it." he starts small, and throws a box of sparklers onto the ground in front of the other losers, before pulling out one ample sized rocket.

"Wow, that's almost as big as my dick..." Richie said, astonished, pulling Eddie tighter and closer to his side once he felt the other start to groan and pull away.

"Are you talking about the fuse? Good to know you're at least three inches, I'm sure it makes the ladies swoon as soon as you drop your pants." Stan murmured, earning a laugh and a slap on the knee from both Eddie and Ben, while Bill was too busy spacing out and fumbling with his frayed aglets.

Mike barely heard them, zoning out himself with his tongue prodding between his lips as he attempted to set up the place to light the thing. The other losers began to open the box of sparklers, Richie managing to grab one for both him and Eddie and placing it (unlit) into the hand that Richie was not messing with/cradling. Eddie felt around in his pocket for his own sunshine yellow lighter, a small lemon drawn on the front of it, before clumsily trying to light the sparkler.

He succeeded in doing so, and wielded it away from him, looking at the way it popped as he twiddled it around in a circle, before the other losers used his sparkler to quickly light their own. Mike figured that he had put enough space between the first rocket and the band of his friends, so he pulled out a box of matches and quickly gave a thumbs up to the others, before lighting it and running back to the huddled sitting circle. Mike didn't sit back down with the others, just squatting, ready to run up and light another just as soon as this one faded.

With the sparklers in their hands and the beautiful dispersal of the lights in the sky, the losers all looked on and made small noises in awe. Stan looked at Mike, dropping his sparkler into the dirt before standing and speaking, "Hey, can I go do one with you this time?" he asked, wobbling a bit on his knees. He kept on looking at Mike, and saw the way that the sparks would reflect in his dark eyes, mimicking the sky itself. It seemed like Richie and Eddie weren't the only ones completely infatuated with each other.

Mike turned to face Stan and laughed, going over to put a hand on Stan's shoulder, nodding, "Yeah! Let's go ahead and do one, right now, since the other one's already so far gone by now." and so he tugged him along, taking him over to the box as they pulled out one of the more girthier ones- they weren't completely sure what any of them would do until lit, but this one didn't see like a rocket to either of them.

While they tried figuring out on how to use the damned firework, Eddie looked up at Richie with a glazed look on his face. He didn't smoke often, but he knew that he was a lightweight without much experience. He was beginning to have small moments of fading in and out, where he was remembering very little and just tried remaining calm and collected on the dirt. It was surprisingly

pleasant, as if he was just dozing on and off, but it did make his heart skip with short-lived anxiety when he wasn't at least half focused on something else. After his sparkler had gone out, and there was a brief interlude between the display, he chose to focus on how Richie would look on- at everything and at absolutely nothing- with such a dreamy look in his eye. His brows would raise, and his mouth would quirk, and Eddie thought that he just looked so damn pretty in the moment. Pretty in a way that he felt that he himself could never be.

When the next firework went off, it was one of the ones that stayed on the ground- but its effect was breath taking. It had managed to grab Eddie's attention once again, but about half way through Richie managed to glance at Eddie...and he saw exactly what he wanted to from before.

He saw Eddie's mouth slightly agape, while the lights lit up his face and shone on the balm coating his lips. He saw his brown eyes, although lidded, flecked with golds and reds, reminding him of amber. He saw a beautiful boy, sitting, look on in awe at something Richie saw every day, that being a phenomenal burst of light and ball of fire- that being the embodiment of Eddie Kaspbrak in Richie's mind.

His sparkler was abandoned, and his free hand went and grabbed Eddie's jaw...but Eddie's reaction time seemed a little too slow for Richie's liking, for the kiss he was so hopelessly planning. Instead he just slipped his hand down from his jaw to his shoulder, and gave him a small hug. Eddie seemed a bit perplexed, but he returned the hug the best he could- and while doing so, turning himself more so that he was closer to Richie. While the other losers chattered away, Eddie managed to actually fall asleep, finding almost too much comfort in the others hold.

He was woken up by Richie an hour and a half later when his watch was beginning to beep, signaling that he had to start heading home.

"Ah, fuck," he muttered, untangling himself from the now one arm that was around him instead of the two that encompassed him earlier. He looked over at the other losers, who at some point had laid down in a line in front of Eddie and Richie, while making a slow attempt at standing. "Wow, sorry I fell asleep-"

"It's fine," Ben mumbled out, breaking from his concentration on the stars, looking over his head and up to the small boy shifting behind him, "but we were all sort of surprised. The rockets got a little loud at times!"

"Yeah, no, I don't know how the fuck it happened. I'm just as shocked as you are, but I gotta get home now. Thanks again for letting me be a part of th-"

"Wait, hold up, Edward Spaghedward-" Richie stood, straightening out his jacket, "Let me walk home with you, don't want anything to go bump-in-the-night, do we?"

"Do you really think that it's necessary that you do that, Richie? Any of that, at all." he asked, before trudging off to go and grab his bike.

"Yes, yes I think I should do all the things, all the time, and this one particular thing that I should be doing tonight is making sure that you get home in one piece: fanny pack and all." Richie managed to get a few members of the losers club to agree with him before he got a dejected sigh from the pretty boy.

"Alright, fine." and with that they both grabbed their bikes and began to walk them home, handle bars gripped tightly the whole way by both on their way to the Kaspbrak residence.

Eddie seemed like he was doing better, slightly more sentient than he had appeared previously, but Richie was unsure if tonight would be a good night to bust a move on the small boy. As they walked, bickering back and forth, trying to knock the other off balance by shoving their bikes in the others paths, Richie continued to mull over it. It wasn't until they reached Eddie's house that he quickly thought of a situation that he slide himself into. He followed Eddie to the side of his house, as the other shoved his bike into its usual crevice, all the while Richie was awkwardly fiddling with the lint in his pocket. Richie's bike had been left to lean against the Kaspbrak mobile, to leave his hands free. Once Eddie had released his bike and turned back to Richie, one of the dirty boy's hands left his pocket and was back on the others face again.

He saw Eddie shiver, his eyebrows raise- he could feel that

quickenings pulse again just barely below his pinkie, and Richie had to hold himself back from planting his lips (probably clumsily) on the other boy immediately. He looked into Eddie's eyes, then down to his mouth, then back to his eyes; and he was sure he was breaking a sweat (again). Eddie was confused, but damn if he wasn't immeasurably flustered by the others gentle touch.

"Jesus Christ. What- what is it, Richie? Could you stop being so weird for ten minutes." he mumbled out, but he sounded a little breathless.

"Are you still high as a kite, Eds?" Richie nearly whispered, hand moving up to his cheek. He thumbed at the freckles and the dark circles under Eddie's eyes, sometimes accidentally bumping his nose, making Eddie's mouth quirk.

"Ugh, not really? I don't know, but this is a little weird Richie. What-are you still high or something, idiot?"

"Probably, who fucking knows- I just, fuck, would it be okay if I kissed you? Right now, because I've felt like I've needed to all day and it's starting to get downright ridiculous, but I'm so nervous- can you feel how sweaty my hand is on your face? I'm sorry."

Eddie's face began to light up even more at his words, under Richie's hand. Instead of speaking he just nodded, firmly- but Richie didn't seem completely assured, so he huffed out a small breath and looked up at Richie's forehead.

"Please just go ahead and do it, before I end up drowning from your premium palm perspiration, Richie."

And then Richie's lips are on him, and it's so soft, just barely grazing- it's apprehensive. Eddie brings his hands up to push up Richie's glasses, pulling them off before he presses his lips against Richie's even harder. He disconnects, Eddie, but he keeps his eyes closed; and he doesn't see prior to connecting back once more than Richie's eyes were on him, doting and glossy and utterly full of love.

Once they were back together, Richie took the opportunity to discover the answer to his age-old question. He lightly sucked on Eddie's bottom lip, his tongue doing a small swipe, before he pulled

back and pushed his hand through Eddie's hair. He lightly kissed his forehead, and then he tried tasting the balm on his own lips but it was...weird. Not too entirely similar to the artificial lemon flavoring he was expecting. He squinted at Eddie's hair, perplexed, but Eddie was doing just the same for the same reason (different circumstance).

"Uh, question- why aren't you still kissing me?" Eddie murmured, his hand that wasn't holding onto Richie's glasses grabbing at the other boy's arm, while he reached up to kiss at Richie's jaw.

"What is it, Eds?"

"What's what, dumbass?"

"Your chapstick, dude! It's throwing me for a loop...I guess the thought of kissing you felt so gay, everything about it had to scream fruity," at that Eddie stopped kissing his jaw and pulled back to glare at him, while Richie gave a smack of his lips, "But this is queer in a whole other way."

"Tozier, you're heaven-sent but god if you don't know how to ruin a damn moment." he cursed before putting Richie's glasses into his own pocket, releasing the other's arm and unzipping the front pocket of his fanny pack. He pulled out that quizzical tube of lip smackers, hesitating before popping the cap and applying it to Richie's lips himself. Richie let him, with no protest, with his hand still carding through Eddie's hair.

"It's Dr. Pepper, Richie." and then they are kissing again- and he supposes that's even better than the lemon he imagined, because god if that wasn't so, uniquely Eddie.

Notes for the Chapter:

that's all Folks hmu at wheezyboykaspbrak on tumblr and tell me how much you loved/hated this. tell me up here2 yall i live for it. also reminder just tell me if there are a Lot of mistakes that need to be fixed this has been unbeta'd the whole way thru and i'm DUMB at finding mistakes when my brain is Fried